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EUROPE:

LINES

ON THE

P R E S E N T W A R.

BY

REGINALD HEBER, M. A.

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ID. QVANDO. ACCIDERIT. NON. SATIS. AVDEO
EFFARI. SIQUIDEM. NON. CLARIVS. MIHI
PER. SACROS. TRIPODES. CERTA. REFERT. DEVS
NEC. SERVAT. PENITVS. FIDEM

QVOD. SI. QVID. LICEAT. CREDERE. ADHVC. TAMEN
NAM. LAEVVM. TONVIT. NON. FVERIT. PROCVL
QVAERENDVS. CELERI. QVI. PROPERET. GRADV
ET. GALLVM. REPRIMAT. FEROX

PETRUS. CRINITVS. IN. CARMINE

AD. BER. CARAPHAM



PREFACE.

THE introductory lines of the following poem were composed in the very situation (the Park of Dresden), and with the very feelings they attempt to delineate. The disastrous conclusion of King Frederic's campaign deprived the author of all wish to continue them, and they remained neglected till the glorious struggle which has drawn the attention and sympathy of all mankind to Spain. He was then induced to complete his picture, by contrasting the failure of a corrupt and arbitrary government with the magnanimous efforts of

a great and generous nation. The idea, however, has been often laid aside, and often resumed, as his hopes were raised or disappointed ; and he at length sends out his poem to the world, if not to celebrate the triumphs of Spain and her ally, at least to check their despondency ; to inculcate on the minds of his countrymen a wise and manly exertion of our whole national strength, and a steady perseverance in a cause which he cannot but consider as our own.

In a review of the general politics of Europe, it was his wish to avoid, as much as possible, subjects purely English, and connected with our internal parties ; but in expressing his veneration for that illustrious statesman whom all Europe admired or feared, he is not aware that this praise is out of place in the

mouth of her Guardian Angel. He has not forgotten, for he was himself at the time on the continent, the strong and almost inconceivable impression excited by the death of Mr. PITT:—he has not forgotten how at Mosco a damp was thrown on the amusements of the Carnival; and how even those individuals who had been the warmest in expressing their political animosity to Great Britain and her minister, now deplored the termination of a life which they could not help regarding as necessary almost to the freedom of the European republic.

This political freedom, as opposed to the usurpation of a single state, and as supported formerly by the balance of power, is, generally speaking, the liberty alluded to in the following Poem. With regard to Spain, however, the

author is unwilling to abandon the hope that a nation which by its popular energies so nobly resists a foreign tyrant, will by the exertion of those energies infallibly lay the foundation of popular freedom. The other political allusions which he has thought it necessary to introduce, are all on subjects closely connected with the common cause. He is sorry to have been so often obliged to censure where, as an Englishman, he would have rejoiced to give praise; but he trusts at least his observations will be found impartial, and not inconsistent with the character of the imaginary being to whom they are attributed.

E U R O P E.

At that dread season when th' indignant North
Pour'd to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,
And fann'd too late the flame of liberty;
By feverish hope oppress'd, and anxious thought, 5
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine
play'd,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade :—
Yet slept not all ;—I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling waggons and the wheels of war ; 10
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And, lost and heard by fits, the languid drum ;

O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that
trode,

And the far-distant fife that thrill'd along the road.

Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell 15

To catch the music of the pealing bell ;

And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,

The shipboy's carol in the wealthy bay :—

But sweet no less, when Justice points the spear,

Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear, 20

To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,

And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.

Oh ! song of hope, too long delusive strain !

And hear we now thy flattering voice again ?

But late, alas ! I left thee cold and still, 25

Stunn'd by the wrath of Heaven, on Pratzen's hill.

Oh ! on that hill may no kind month renew

The fertile rain, the sparkling summer dew !

Accurs'd of God, may those bleak summits tell

The field of anger where the mighty fell. 30

There youthful Faith, and high-born Courage rest,
 And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humbled crest ;
 'There Europe, soil'd with blood her tresses gray,
 And ancient Honour's shield,—all vilely thrown
 away.

Thus mus'd my soul, as in succession drear 35
 Rose each grim shape of Wrath and Doubt and
 Fear ;

Defeat and Shame in grisly vision past,
 And Vengeance, bought with blood, and glorious
 Death the last.

Then as my gaze their waving eagles met,
 And through the night each sparkling bayonet, 40
 Still memory told how Austria's evil hour
 Had felt on Praga's field a Frederic's power,
 And Gallia's vaunting train, and Mosco's horde,
 Had flesh'd the maiden steel of Brunswic's sword.
 Oh ! yet, I deem'd, that Fate, by Justice led, 45
 Might wreath once more the veteran's silver head ;

That Europe's ancient pride would yet disdain
 The cumbrous sceptre of a single reign ;
 That conscious right would tenfold strength afford,
 And Heaven assist the patriot's holy sword, 50
 And look in mercy through th' auspicious sky,
 To bless the saviour host of Germany.

And are they dreams, these bodings, such as shed
 Their lonely comfort o'er the hermit's bed ?
 And are they dreams ? or can th' Eternal Mind 55
 Care for a sparrow, yet neglect mankind ?
 Why, if the dubious battle own his power,
 And the red sabre, where he bids, devour,
 Why then can one the curse of worlds deride,
 And millions weep a tyrant's single pride ?— 60

Thus sadly musing, far my footsteps stray'd
 Rapt in the visions of th' Aonian maid.
 It was not she, whose lonely voice I hear
 Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear ;

My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide 65
 Through the green walks of scented eventide,
 Or stretch'd with me in noonday ease along,
 To list the reaper's chaunt, or throstle's song :—
 But she of loftier port ; whose grave control
 Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul ; 70
 She, whose high presence, o'er the midnight oil,
 With fame's bright promise cheers the student's toil ;
 That same was she, whose ancient lore refin'd
 The sober hardihood of Sydney's mind.
 Borne on her wing, no more I seem'd to rove 75
 By Dresden's glittering spires, and linden grove :
 No more the giant Elbe, all silver bright,
 Spread his broad bosom to the fair moonlight,
 While the still margent of his ample flood
 Bore the dark image of the Saxon wood— 80
 (Woods happy once, that heard the carols free,
 Of rustic love, and cheerful industry ;
 Now dull and joyless lie their alleys green,
 And silence marks the track where France has been.)

Far other scenes than these my fancy view'd ; 85
 Rocks rob'd in ice, a mountain solitude ;
 Where on Helvetian hills, in godlike state,
 Alone and awful, Europe's Angel sate.
 Silent and stern he sate ; then, bending low,
 Listen'd th' ascending plaints of human woe, 90
 And waving as in grief his towery head,
 " Not yet, not yet the day of rest," he said ;
 " It may not be. Destruction's gory wing
 Soars o'er the banners of the younger king,
 Too rashly brave, who seeks with single sway 95
 To stem the lava on it's destin'd way.
 Poor, glittering warriors, only wont to know
 The bloodless pageant of a martial show ;
 Nurselings of peace, for fiercer fights prepare, 99
 And dread the stepdame sway of unaccustom'd war !
 They fight, they bleed !—oh ! had that blood been shed
 When Charles and Valour Austria's armies led ;
 Had these stood forth the righteous cause to shield,
 When victory waver'd on Moravia's field ;

Then France had mourn'd her conquests made in
vain, 105

Her backward-beaten ranks, and countless slain ;—
Then had the strength of Europe's freedom stood,
And still the Rhine had roll'd a German flood !

“ Oh ! nurs'd in many a wile, and practis'd long
To spoil the poor, and cringe before the strong ;
To swell the victor's state, and hovering near, 111
Like some base vulture in the battle's rear,
To watch the carnage of the field, and share
Each loathsome alms the prouder eagles spare ;
A curse is on thee, Brandenburgh ! the sound 115
Of Poland's wailing drags thee to the ground :
And, drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know
The bitter dregs of Austria's cup of woe.

“ Enough of vengeance ! o'er th' ensanguin'd
plain
I gaze, and seek their numerous host in vain ; 120

Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds bear
 Their flimsy legions through the waste of air.
 Enough of vengeance!—By the glorious dead
 Who bravely fell where youthful Lewis led;
 By Blucher's sword in fiercest danger tried, 125
 And the true heart that burst when Brunswic
 died;

By her whose charms the coldest zeal might warm,
 The manliest firmness in the fairest form—
 Save, Europe, save the remnant!—Yet remains
 One glorious path to free the world from chains.
 Why, when yon northern band in Eylau's wood
 Retreating struck, and track'd their course with
 blood,

While one firm rock the floods of ruin stay'd,
 Why, generous, Austria, were thy wheels delay'd?
 And Albion!"—Darker sorrow veil'd his brow—
 "Friend of the friendless—Albion! where art thou?
 Child of the Sea, whose wing-like sails are spread,
 The covering cherub of the ocean's bed!

The storm and tempest render peace to thee,
 And the wild-roaring waves a stern security. 140
 But hope not thou in Heaven's own strength to ride,
 Freedom's lov'd ark, o'er broad oppression's tide ;
 If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye
 Glance in contempt on Europe's agony.
 Alas ! where now the hands who wont to pour 145
 Their strong deliverance on th' Egyptian shore ?
 Wing, wing your course, a prostrate world to save,
 Triumphant squadrons of Trafalgar's wave.

“ And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
 Whose words were wisdom, and whose counsels
 power, 150
 Whom Earth applauded through her peopled shores!
 (Alas ! whom Earth too early lost deplores :—)
 Young without follies, without rashness bold,
 And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold !
 In every veering gale of faction true, 155
 Untarnish'd Chatham's genuine child, adieu !

Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
 Expands from twilight to intenser day,
 Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian sway. }

O prov'd in danger ! not the fiercest flame 160

Of Discord's rage thy constant soul could tame ;

Not when, far-striding o'er thy palsied land,

Gigantic Treason took his bolder stand ;

Not when wild Zeal, by murderous Faction led,

On Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread ;

Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave 166

Defied the native soil they wont to save.—

Undaunted patriot ! in that dreadful hour,

When pride and genius own a stronger power ;

When the dimm'd eyeball, and the struggling

breath,

170

And pain, and terror, mark advancing death ;—

Still in that breast thy country held her throne, }

Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were her's alone, }

Thy last faint effort her's, and her's thy parting }

groan.

“ Yes, from those lips while fainting nations
 drew 175

Hope ever strong, and courage ever new ;—
 Yet, yet, I deem'd, by that supporting hand
 Propp'd in her fall might Freedom's ruin stand ;
 And purg'd by fire, and stronger from the storm,
 Degraded Justice rear her reverend form. 180

Now hope adieu !—adieu the generous care
 To shield the weak, and tame the proud in war !
 The golden chain of realms, when equal awe
 Pois'd the strong balance of impartial law ;
 When rival states as federate sisters shone, 185
 Alike, yet various, and though many, one ;
 And, bright and numerous as the spangled sky,
 Beam'd each fair star of Europe's galaxy—
 All, all are gone, and after-time shall trace
 One boundless rule, one undistinguish'd race ; 190
 Twilight of worth, where nought remains to
 move

The patriot's ardour, or the subject's love.

“ Behold e’en now, while every manly lore,
 And every muse forsakes my yielding shore ;
 Faint, vapid fruits of slavery’s sickly clime, 195
 Each tinsel art succeeds and harlot rhyme !
 To gild the vase, to bid the purple spread
 In sightly foldings o’er the Grecian bed,
 Their mimic guard where sculptur’d gryphons keep,
 And Memphian idols watch o’er beauty’s sleep ;
 To rouse the slumbering sparks of faint desire 201
 With the base tinkling of the Teian lyre ;
 While youth’s enervate glance and gloating age
 Hang o’er the mazy waltz, or pageant stage ;
 Each wayward wish of sickly taste to please,
 The nightly revel and the noontide ease— 206 }
 These, Europe, are thy toils, thy trophies these ! }

“ So, when wide-wasting hail, or whelming rain,
 Have strew’d the bearded hope of golden grain,
 From the wet furrow, struggling to the skies, 210
 The tall, rank weeds in barren splendour rise ;

And strong, and towering o'er the mildew'd ear,
 Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear;
 The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,
 And Famine stalks along the purple field. 215

“ And thou, the poet's theme, the patriot's
 prayer!—

Where, France, thy hopes, thy gilded promise
 where?

When o'er Montpelier's vines, and Jura's snows,
 All goodly bright, young Freedom's planet rose?
 What boots it now, (to our destruction brave,) 220
 How strong thine arm in war? a valiant slave!
 What boots it now that wide thine eagles sail,
 Fann'd by the flattering breath of conquest's gale?
 What, that, high-pil'd within yon ample dome, 224
 The blood-bought treasures rest of Greece and
 Rome?

Scourge of the highest, bolt in vengeance hurl'd
 By Heaven's dread justice on a shrinking world!

Go, vanquish'd victor, bend thy proud helm down
Before thy sullen tyrant's steely crown.

For him in Afric's sands, and Poland's snows, 230
Rear'd by thy toil the shadowy laurel grows ;
And rank in German fields the harvest springs
Of pageant councils and obsequious kings.
Such purple slaves, of glittering fetters vain,
Link'd the wide circuit of the Latian chain ; 235
And slaves like these shall every tyrant find,
To gild oppression, and debase mankind.

“ Oh ! live there yet whose hardy souls and high
Peace bought with shame, and tranquil bonds defy ?
Who, driven from every shore, and lords in vain
Of the wide prison of the lonely main, 241
Cling to their country's rights with freeborn zeal,
More strong from every stroke, and patient of the
steel ?

Guiltless of chains, to them has Heaven consign'd
Th' entrusted cause of Europe and mankind ? 245

Or hope we yet in Sweden's martial snows
 That Freedom's weary foot may find repose?—
 No;—from yon hermit shade, yon cypress dell,
 Where faintly peals the distant matin-bell;
 Where bigot kings and tyrant priests had shed 250
 Their sleepy venom o'er his dreadful head;
 He wakes, th'avenger—hark! the hills around,
 Untam'd Asturia bids her clarion sound;
 And many an ancient rock, and fleecy plain,
 And many a valiant heart returns the strain: 255
 Heard by that shore, where Calpe's armed steep
 Flings its long shadow o'er th'Herculean deep,
 And Lusian glades, whose hoary poplars wave
 In soft, sad murmurs over Inez' grave.
 They bless the call who dar'd the first withstand
 The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land, 261
 When firm in faith, and red with slaughter'd foes,
 Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia, rose.
 Nor these alone; as loud the war-notes swell,
 La Mancha's shepherd quits his cork-built cell;

Alhama's strength is there, and those who till 266
 (A hardy race,) Morena's scorched hill;
 And in rude arms through wide Galicia's reign,
 The swarthy vintage pours her vigorous train.

“ Saw ye those tribes? not their's the plumed
 boast,
 The sightly trappings of a marshall'd host; 271
 No weeping nations curse their deadly skill,
 Expert in danger, and enur'd to kill:—
 But their's the kindling eye, the strenuous arm;
 Their's the dark cheek, with patriot ardour warm,
 Unblanch'd by sluggard ease, or slavish fear, 276
 And proud and pure the blood that mantles there.
 Their's from the birth is toil;—o'er granite steep,
 And heathy wild, to guard their wandering sheep;
 To urge the labouring mule, or bend the spear 280
 'Gainst the night-prowling wolf, or felon bear;
 The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,
 And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.

Each martial chaunt they know, each manly
rhyme,

Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time. 285

Of him in Xeres' carnage fearless found,
(His glittering brows with hostile spear-heads
bound ;)

Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train
O'erthrew the knightly race of Charlemagne ;
And chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall 290
(Illustrious exile !) o'er Valencia's wall ;
Ungrac'd by kings, whose Moorish title rose
The toil-earn'd homage of his wondering foes.

“ Yes ; every mouldering tower and haunted
flood,

And the wild murmurs of the waving wood ; 295
Each sandy waste, and orange-scented dell,
And red Buraba's field, and Lugo tell
How their brave fathers fought, how thick th' in-
vaders fell. }

" Oh ! virtue long forgot, or vainly tried,
 To glut a bigot's zeal, or tyrant's pride ; 300
 Condemn'd in distant climes to bleed and die
 'Mid the dank poisons of Tlascala's sky ;
 Or when stern Austria stretch'd her lawless reign,
 And spent in Northern fights the flower of Spain ;
 Or war's hoarse furies yell'd on Ysell's shore, 305
 And Alva's ruffian sword was drunk with gore.
 Yet dar'd not then Tlascala's chiefs withstand
 The lofty daring of Castilia's band ;
 And weeping France her captive king deplor'd,
 And curs'd the deathful point of Ebro's sword. 310
 Now, nerv'd with hope, their night of slavery past,
 Each heart beats high in freedom's buxom blast ;
 Lo ! Conquest calls, and beckoning from afar,
 Uplifts his laurel wreath, and waves them on to war.
 —Woe to th' usurper then ! who dares defy 315
 The sturdy wrath of rustic loyalty !
 Woe to the hireling bands ! foredoom'd to feel
 How strong in labour's horny hand the steel !—

Behold e'en now, beneath yon Boetic skies
 Another Pavia bids her trophies rise ;— 320
 E'en now in base disguise and friendly night
 Their robber-monarch speeds his secret flight ;
 And with new zeal the fiery Lusians rear,
 (Rous'd by their neighbours' worth,) the long-
 neglected spear.

“ So, when stern winter chills the April
 showers, 326
 And iron frost forbids the timely flowers ;
 Oh, deem not thou the vigorous herb below
 Is crush'd and dead beneath th' incumbent snow :
 Such tardy suns shall wealthier harvests bring
 Than all the early smiles of flattering spring.” 330

Sweet as the martial trumpet's silver swell,
 On my charm'd sense th' unearthly accents fell :
 Me wonder held, and joy chastis'd by fear,
 As one who wish'd, yet hardly hop'd to hear.

“ Spirit,” I cried, “ dread teacher, yet declare,
 In that good fight, shall Albion’s arm be there? 336
 Can Albion, brave, and wise, and proud, refrain
 To hail a kindred soul, and link her fate with
 Spain ?

Too long her sons, estrang’d from war and toil,
 Have loath’d the safety of their sea-girt isle ; 340
 And chid the waves which pent their fire within,
 As the stall’d war-horse woos the battle’s din.
 Oh, by this throbbing heart, this patriot glow,
 Which, well I feel, each English breast shall know ;
 Say, shall my country, rous’d from deadly sleep, 345
 Crowd with her hardy sons yon western steep ?
 And shall once more the star of France grow pale,
 And dim its beams in Roncesvalles’ vale ?
 Or shall foul sloth and timid doubt conspire
 To mar our zeal, and waste our manly fire ?” 350

Still as I gaz’d his lowering features spread,
 High rose his form, and darkness veil’d his head ;

Fast from his eyes the ruddy lightning broke,
To heaven he rear'd his arm, and thus he spoke :

“ Woe, trebly woe to their slow zeal who bore
Delusive comfort to Iberia's shore ! 356
Who in mid conquest, vaunting, yet dismay'd,
Now gave, and now withdrew their laggard
aid ;
Who, when each bosom glow'd, each heart beat
high,
Chill'd the pure stream of England's energy, 360
And lost in courtly forms and blind delay
The loiter'd hours of glory's short-liv'd day.

“ O peerless island, generous, bold, and free,
Lost, ruin'd Albion, Europe mourns for thee !
Hadst thou but known the hour in mercy given 365
To stay thy doom, and ward the ire of Heaven ;
Bar'd in the cause of man thy warrior breast,
And crush'd on yonder hills th' approaching pest,

Then had not murder sack'd thy smiling plain,
 And wealth, and worth, and wisdom all been
 vain !

“ Yet, yet awake! while fear and wonder wait
 On the pois'd balance, trembling still with fate !
 If aught their worth can plead, in battle tried, 373
 Who ting'd with slaughter Tajo's curdling tide ;
 (What time base truce the wheels of war could
 stay, 375

And the weak victor flung his wreath away ;)—
 Or their's, who, dol'd in scanty bands afar,
 Wag'd without hope the disproportion'd war,
 And cheerly still, and patient of distress,
 Led their forwasted files on numbers numberless !

“ Yes, through the march of many a weary day,
 As yon dark column toils its seaward way ; 382
 As bare, and shrinking from th' inclement sky,
 The languid soldier bends him down to die ;

As o'er those helpless limbs, by murder gor'd, 385
 The base pursuer waves his weaker sword,
 And, trod to earth, by trampling thousands press'd,
 The horse-hoof glances from that mangled breast;—
 E'en in that hour his hope to England flies,
 And fame and vengeance fire his closing eyes. 390

“ Oh, if such hope can plead, or his, whose bier
 Drew from his conquering host their latest tear ;
 Whose skill, whose matchless valour, gilded flight;
 Entomb'd in foreign dust, a hasty soldier's rite ;—
 Oh, rouse thee yet to conquer and to save, 395
 And Wisdom guide the sword which Justice gave !

“ And yet the end is not ! from yonder towers
 While one Saguntum mocks the victor's powers ;
 While one brave heart defies a servile chain,
 And one true soldier wields a lance for Spain ; 400
 Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band
 In tenfold myriads darken half the land ;

(Vast as that power, against whose impious lord
 Bethulia's matron shook the nightly sword ;)
 Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy, 405
 And fatal genius fire thy martial eye ;
 Yet trust not here o'er yielding realms to roam,
 Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home.

“ No ! by His viewless arm whose righteous care
 Defends the orphan's tear, the poor man's
 prayer ; 410

Who, Lord of nature, o'er this changeful ball
 Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall ;
 Wondrous in all his ways, unseen, unknown,
 Who treads the wine-press of the world alone ;
 And rob'd in darkness, and surrounding fears, 415
 Speeds on their destin'd road the march of years !
 No !—shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,
 Stoop to thy wrist, or cower his wing for thee ?
 And shall it tame despair, thy strong control,
 Or quench a nation's still reviving soul ?— 420

Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire
To curb the wandering wind, or grasp the fire !
Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea!—
But Spain, the brave, the virtuous, shall be
free.”

NOTES.

P. 2. ver. 26.

—Pratzen's hill—

THE hill of Pratzen was the point most obstinately contested in the great battle which has taken its name from the neighbouring town of Austerlitz; and here the most dreadful slaughter took place, both of French and Russians. The author had, a few weeks before he wrote the above, visited every part of this celebrated field.

P. 3. ver. 43.

—Gallia's vaunting train—

The confidence and shameful luxury of the French nobles, during the seven years war, are very sarcastically noticed by Templeman.

P. 8. ver. 124.

—Where youthful Lewis led—

Prince Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, who fell gloriously with almost the whole of his regiment.

P. 8. ver. 126.

By her whose charms, &c.

The Queen of Prussia ; beautiful, unfortunate, and unsubdued by the severest reverses.

P. 8. ver. 138.

The covering cherub, &c.

“ Thou art the anointed cherub that coverest.”—Addressed to Tyre by Ezekiel, xxviii. 14.

P. 15. ver. 259.

—Inez’ grave—

Inez de Castro, the beloved mistress of the Infant Don Pedro, son of Alphonso IV. King of Portugal, and stabbed by the orders, and, according to Camoëns, in the presence of that monarch. A fountain near Coimbra, the scene of their loves and misfortunes, is still pointed out by tradition, and called Amores.—De la Clede Hist. de Portugalle ; 4to. tom. i. page 282-7 :—and Camoëns’ Lusiad, canto 3, stanza cxxxv.

P. 15. ver. 261.

—— Who dar’d the first withstand
The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land.

The Asturians, who under Pelagius first opposed the career of Mahometan success.

P. 15. ver. 263.

Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia.

“ La couronne de fer de Dom Pélage,—cette couronne
 “ si simple mais si glorieuse, dont chaque fleuron est formé
 “ du fer d’une lance arrachée aux Chevaliers Maures que ce
 “ heros avoit faits tomber sous ses coups.” Roman de
 Dom Ursino le Navarin, Tressan, tom. ix. 52.

P. 17. ver. 285.

Rude, ancient lays of Spain’s heroic time,

See the two elegant specimens given by Bishop Percy in
 his Reliques; and the more accurate translations of Mr.
 Rodd in his Civil Wars of Grenada.

P. 17. ver. 286.

—Him in Xeres’ carnage fearless found—

The Gothic monarchy in Spain was overthrown by the
 Musulmans at the battle of Xeres, the Christian army
 being defeated with dreadful slaughter, and the death of
 their king, the unhappy and licentious Rodrigo. Pelagius
 assembled the small band of those fugitives who despised
 submission, amid the mountains of the Asturias, under the
 name of King of Oviedo.

P. 17. ver. 288.

Of that chaste king, &c.

Alonso, surnamed the Chaste, with ample reason, if
 we believe his historians; who defeated, according to the

Spanish romances, and the graver authority of Mariana, the whole force of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, at Roncesvalles. Bertrand del Carpio, the son of Alonso's sister, Ximena, was his general; and according to Don Quixote (no incompetent authority on such a subject) put the celebrated Orlando to the same death as Hercules inflicted on Antæus. His reason was, that the nephew of Charlemagne was enchanted, and like Achilles only vulnerable in the heel, to guard which he wore always iron shoes.—See Mariana, l. vii. c. xi.; Don Quixote, book i. c. 1; and the notes on Mr. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid; a work replete with powerful description, and knowledge of ancient history and manners, and which adds a new wreath to the author of Madoc and Thalaba, and the translator of Amadis de Gaul.

P. 17. ver. 290.

—Chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall, &c.

Rodrigo Diaz, of Bivar, surnamed the Cid by the Moors.
—See Mr. Southey's Chronicle.

P. 17. ver. 297.

—Red Buraba's field, and Lugo—

Buraba and Lugo were renowned scenes of Spanish victories over the Moors, in the reigns of Bermudo, or, as his name is latinized, Veremundus, and Alonso the Chaste. Of Lugo the British have since obtained a melancholy knowledge.

P. 18. ver. 302.

—Tlascala—

An extensive district of Mexico : its inhabitants were the first Indians who submitted to the Spaniards under Cortez.

P. 18. ver. 309.

—Her captive king—

Francis I. taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia.

P. 19. ver. 319.

—Yon Bœtic skies—

Andalusia forms a part of the ancient Hispania Bœtica.

P. 20. ver. 348.

—Roncesvalles' vale—

See the former note on Alphonso the Chaste.

P. 22. ver. 372.

The pois'd balance trembling still with fate.

This line is imitated from one in Mr. Roscoe's spirited verses on the commencement of the French revolution.

P. 22. ver. 380.

—Numbers numberless—

“ He look'd and saw what numbers numberless.”

Milton—Paradise Regained.

P. 23. ver. 398.

—One Saguntum—

The ancient renown of Saguntum and its siege has been now rivalled by Zaragoza. The Author is happy to refer his readers to the interesting narrative of his friend Mr. Vaughan.

P. 24. ver. 404.

Bethulia's matron—

Judith.

P. 24. ver. 414.

Who treads the wine-press of the world alone.

“ I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people
“ there was none with me, for I will tread them in mine
“ anger, and trample them in my fury.”—Isaiah, lxiii. 3.

THE END.